

Insulation

by Petrus Borel

french to croatian to catalan to danish to french to english translation of petrus borel's

isolement

"translated" by retorico unentesi

Gerard, poet

General forest restoration

Osama in the valleys

Clos d'Effroy all!

Ronsard

Under the scorching sun in beautiful rural Creole

How bamboo bow African English,

Towards Hurricane withers Palm

In the hands of wine in units of dense forest.

In our old tree, mistletoe, parasitic St.

The return of oaks and feel and dream;

The combination of grass suffer a kind of fragile and

Trunk monasteries in southerly winds.

GUI! Liane! cake! would my soul!

My heart, like ivy and the cover.

Ford spent a little of this life

Wonder Woman, the support friend!

- Angel on Earth? ... Flower, a woman? ...

Bard, and just chose this playful swarm

Rondo rounded meal instead. --

No, my heart to a heart that understands his soul.

This is not theater, festivals, daughter

Who can lay life is happiness:

This field at night, wrapped in shawl,

Werther hand fainting.

It is a brunette with dark eyelashes, air Moorish;

It is a lazy goose, blue-eyed Ondine

Also a large almond and death, anxiety,

As noted in Germanic coast.

When this magic? - When my voice call? --

Bring spring in my heart, I do.

But even he would be faithful to Cypress!

On the beach when I'm alone?

Sparrow in my ceiling of the room with his girlfriend;

My mare had a foal love.

Let me in this forum and others accompanying

The torrent of fire, I did spend my days.

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petrus borel's reverie translated from french to greek to czech to finnish to french to english
by retorico unentesi

Dreaming

All will die.

Gerard

The world is pipeur ...
Christ, translations of poems, P. Corneille.

The penalty is a moral fable of life.
Life is a stage seeded Mile
How often breaks champion, when the armies
In the beginning ... But fate is that I do not want!
The world is a sea where the humble path,
The poor in Cape towed circus;
When the fat pirate with the equator,
Stuffing the patient's blood, sin, and gold. --
Death, a cat! ... is not completely empty, nothing
Shallow pit in which everything is possible ... Died coward heard a noise!
All beings are in front of your classmates, only ax
A man and his dog!

All, yes! all great things, and the low level of pasture:
The mass of educational resources
Moves so quickly to the disaster. --
Was born, suffer and die while it is in the nature
What one sees a book
One can interpret from Arabic
It was a mule: the title, and no end
It explains nothing, not even a syllable. --
They say that people here, pilgrim runner-up:
Either! But what is the Mecca and Compostela;
The sky ... Hostel opened the immortal soul ...
No, no!

Around him, a number of card arrogant
Riots in all major heart is sad. --
Said Oak, in which the body is rotten? --
Puff in the soil. - Proud Member!
Called the Dragon God bless the other charms!
Less countries which Race bows
Perhaps soon, your skull
Serve children's toys! ...
This is not serious, in fact, based on bones;
Quagmire took a shot, and chips away ...

Returns the new, sound Horn
From the court!

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french to estonian to filipino to english, by retorico unentesi

Song Li
by Petrus Borel

By Andre BOREL.

Poor guy!
Jules Janin.

With a hollow road, sidewalks and a solitary
My secret evil
I included all unhealthy, and I do not lie on the ground
Number of animals eliminated.
I just hatching my hunger, my head on a stone,
Call to sleep.
To quench the burning in my eyes a bit;
I just use their share of the day!

Down in the city, selfish avarice
Leaders throughout champart:
Sheep people are selling Li and emptiness;
I paid, I have to share!
But more importantly, everyone is equal before thee, fair Li,
You shed your rays,
Who softer front of a noble father,
The dirty tramp before rags

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Song Li translated back to Filipino, associational and homeophonic translation from the Filipino
to English
translated by Augen Konne

Song Lip
Sad Panama hat, by Petrus Borel
So pomegranates sing, Andre BOREL.

Marina guy!
Jules Janin.

So I sang the gun-wing kyrie, sidewalks at islands Nag-Hammadi
Asking him napalm cassette mania
Cassette mania cosign lariat winged miasma as unknown, at Hindi gnosis assignments lupine
Being fanged with megalomania hayrides operational eliminated.
Kiosk napalm languages agnosia I sang asking agglutination, again asking undulating sap
islands baton,
Thumb-wag as a page of Tagalog.
Upon the fanged pawns again nausea unsung and asking megalomania materials haunted
rung;
Know not the language gamelan anguished annihilated shares tongued growl!

Dawn is a lung-god, Marrakesh Saskatchewan without peril
My glider saber bayonet champions art:
To paginate the Tao against nail-biting tastes sat Li at the gamelan rung layman;
Binary and random koan, calligraphic King-Kong bagatelle!
Night guns for the most malignant, a layer of hats and panties - panties nor bongo solipsist,
marketing a gang of Li,
I gnaw the malevolent gulag ironing rays,
Since piranha heap pining islands marginal among us,
Against manuscripts of vapor nor kangaroo pranks baggy rags!

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french to estonian to filipino to finnish to english, translated by retorico unentesi

BOREL Petrus (1809-1859)

In case of fire on the market

I live in the mountains and the valley of love.
Viscount and Arlincourt.

O thou, which I had bought
Dance snow hazel tree!
Have you ever been in my Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade?

Some guy, comedy material
Do not forget that this is a great market
If you are a counter to the throne. Columbine dare!
Piercing eyes, gray horizon, bright light,
Florida to see my heart, love, see the Flame!
And if you still write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat color.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Virgin mum
Court ... Bazaar brown! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Does Maggie, Cathine or Madeleine? ... -
No, this is the lady constable Matthew.
- Flowers are one of the day, the sky is black and unexpected light,
Escape! ... and if you win, you can write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade?

More late, great eater, heat, fear there is no reason
Camisard bourgeois, rustic water-carrier
From the beauty of fire, carved top
Beware robbery! Girl is a light load.
Blois, Your Dick, secretary of the soul alone
Fly! ... and if you win, you can write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat color.

O thou, which I had bought
Hazel wood snow dance!
Are you saved my Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade!

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BOREL Petrus (1809-1859)
translated by Augen Konne

Sacred gasoline humongous as Parthenon

Mabuhay also the same gang boondocks at angular emergent
landmark clambake in English depaginated ibid.
Biscuits as condiments at Arlincourt.

Ok I know, no akimbo had binary bikini
Seesaw in the snow castanets octave unpunished!
Lacerating narrative babies Kyoto sinking, asking Jane,
I know we may instantiate pudding the camisole on, pajamas as was,
dutiful class war singing gasoline come what may?

Against the ailing mango Tao, comedic material
Hawaiian waggle dances Kali-Mutton not to say
this isn't mangling names much about ado.
Tongue-gnaw eye I sang counter to trombones.
Columbine! Brain-mange! Alas!
But as they say in a mantra, hooray about Abbot Chainsaw,
malingering on the mainline gnawing liver,
Florida upon margaritas again aching Exxon,
big pages ibex, Tienanmen and aporia!
At Lung I saw a pair of rains against the simulacrum,
save us from our skin, Jane,

I know we may be insatiable putting the cameras on,
magazine as was muted later today.

Smog! Sunoco! Kamog! Virgin kiwi gamelan not milk-Court...
Bastards unimaginable kayak! Smog! Sunoco! Kamog!
But Maggie, Cathected of Madeline? - ... -
How do I know, it may not belong to the august babies of San Mateo...
Burlap sacks lay like government issue in a raw manger,
against the line-item language veto any item is disheartening.
Life is waning, Escape!...
At once mango-kabbalah, Maori among insulation, some were kin to Jane,
I know we may isomer Vladimir Putin camouflage, but was the putting green ablaze all day?

Higher than pangs of hula-hoop, making migraines of margarine, intuitively,
disdain the Tarot waylaid among the dahlias,
Cameo canard and burghers, build O lawless katydid among the carriers of tubing!
Mule-lasers in kindergarten, tongues ahoy, kinship turban Inupiak,
Magazine-immanence is not a nickname! Girls in any case are isolated along the wandering
road.
Blowjobs, against the oblong lying Dick, elohim hallelujah ragged missives Jeremiad!...
At once the mandarin locusts, many there are among us isolated and akin, Jane,
I saw them anyway, may they sing of puling venison, mad as a petting cemetery.

Ok I know, nakedness also had bilateral
Hazel killjoy snowing seesaws!
Signatures of the keening grave are asking you, Jane,
do you gnaw your eyes as many have said, sputter and jettison in song?
As was nagging sputum to please the days decay!

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french to latvian to maltese to english to turkish to welsh to english, translated by retorico
unentesi

Petrus Corel (1809-1859)

Sadness

Malfilâtre severe famine began to be ignored.
Gilbert.

I played my lips in laughter
You are sweet, was not fermented and fire I think I'm happy
Without ambition live on day
Aware of unprocessed grief of sorrow, and;
chest wall high,
I was drying my heart I can see the fire?
Lamp can bring misery
We have an open heart.

was the executioner, Andrew shot, your head,
Anger struck his head on your cart
immortality is enough to make
Your country, the greatness and freedom.
How often, this life-rock territory, on
Man, is hitting stomped so jealous
I pity the sky is crying in pain
I felt my power and feeling irons!

Energy ... Irons ... What? - Hold a poet
What divine inspiration, but it is quiet,
capacity ironing. - Come on, now I think
The ability to see how many years of this century.
Work, now believe in miracles in the future. -
Job! ... Hey need to shout in their ears
Standing chest when I think about drowning!
lutein is my deal? ... Hungry .

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Prologue

by Petrus Borel

translated by Feito Zahlt

By LEON CLOPET, architect.

"Voices, I am doing something fairly novel who
come from their avant, and the beasts of the
lamps, dragons cats and owls, shall fortify me."
The Bible.

When your tone-poem or tonic
Had not even a meme
To pose or tarry in the eye,
A nail on a small aviary
To suspend his poor guitar -
You gave me abbreviation.

You tell me: - Venus, my rhapsody,
Come with me to finish our node;
For your carton is not dazzling,
As the absinthe of Dahomey
Or their provincial trousers;
The air is void, the ground is during.

Paris has no bat-cave,
Come on, and tour my cage,

Where paved and gated, I live happily;
Come, bring us a rascal assembly,
We assemble paragons,
Quenched graves of Chevrolet.

Trout-mask, my name is a hothouse
Beneficiary of your seductive voice
Who caressed his mustache;
Car to soul, sorted austerities,
What baccalaureate in solitude,
Leon, given your dotted plurality.

What! my franchise is a blessing?
Would you think, by fabulous weakness,
Veiled is the voltage of his poverty?
No, no novella with Marlboro filters,
I am a century icicle paratrooper,
Entail my nakedness!

I want to affix a quonset hut,
I am not a pointed latch,
Because I have two cars and one dollar
At this banquet of terror;
For every bent poverty in June
To publish my bruised greenness.

I want to affix an onion sandwich,
I have only mustard on my mustache,
My chain-gang and my covert,
Who writes in a delicatessen;
And that my mistress is armed
Against sugar and vain liqueur.

I want to be a fin-satchel,
Without toga and without radish,
Neither Chandelier nor Barroom,
I am not a Swiss Army Knife,
Neither the commentary of a manager
Nor the deodorant of Lord Byron.

In court, dancing in its orgies,
I have appointed elegies of fate,
Point hymn to detached dexterity;
On the flanged dune of a duchess,
Barbarian botany of the rich,
From My Lai maps surf the poverty.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

To Mr. Charles Nodier

Man is a ballast wrapped in the mayonnaise of the sun.
The quadruple coin is imprinted with the emperors port,
Paper medallion of the Pope, jetsam duly mad.

I mark my jettison in this noose of life where we loosely
quicken cheap diabolical soup, to pour on fires and raffle
journeys, dice and the tapered verity.

The emperor dictates ordure to his captives, the Pope
addresses bullets to Christianity, and I wrote a mad living.

My book, now as I died and as we fail
must read, before we are obscured by commentaries
and the allure of scissors for clarification.

But these pages are not soufflés, bumblebees
whose work ignored these days, which will adjudicate quietly
poetic luster to denominate journeys past.

As the elegant minstrel faints quietly floral,
always a giraffe, every spring, the Gothic
funerals of chattel and ministers.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

A Victor Hugo

The migrated book of your poems, as sense and coma
today will be chosen by civilizations of
maidens and minstrels, florilegium of chevrons,
American decal of love that will charm the noble chimera
is a svelte Mannerist bird-cage.

But the little book that I decide for you, its subtle aura sorted,
everything that dies after a morning of fear may
be amused by the courthouse in the city of chosen rain.

Then, a bibliophile is advised to exhume this settled work,
noisy with vermifuge, he will read on the first page your name
illustrates the salvific aura, the mean spirit of the oubliette.

His curiosity delivers the febrile essence of my swarm
quarantined Empyrean for so long to ferment
the vermillion soul on Parchman Farm.

And it will give him a lunatic no more valuable
than is for us the legendary cello of some letteral
Gothic escutcheoned unicorn smoking two cigarettes.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

A David, stationary

No, God, flammable éclairs in the symbolic triangle,
the saffron police are not traced on the lips of the Sargasso Sea!

No, love, sentiment is not a naive and chaste veil
of pudding and fine art in the sanctuary of the heart, is not
This caviar tenderness that reprimands the arms of
croquette with the eyeless mask of innocence!

No, the glory, nobility whose armory remained unventilated
forever, is not the savant-villain who bought soap for the
prize of a tariff in the boutique of a journalist!

And I prayed, and I joined the army, and I sang, poet poor
and suffering! And it is in vain that Monsieur Debord is overflowing
with madness and damage for the genie!

Because I was born nascent ailerons cavort! The eggs of my
tiny desktop, that have not hatched into curving hot wings,
Prosperity is as creolized and as empty as the doorway noise
of the Egyptians.

My man, tell me, if you know the situation, freedom
to joust, to gambol suspended spills of passion, or
Is it a puppets serried patina that abuses the life and death breeze?

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

Departure for the Sabbath

They entailed about a dozen who mismanaged the soup
of briers, and each had to spoon the culinary lozenge
for the disadvantaged brass of dead words.

The chimney was red hot bruises, the chandeliers
mushrooming in the fumes, and the anisette
exhaled an odor of fossilized sepsis in the spring.

And when marimbas rioted our pluralism, they intended
comedic gardens like architectures across the strings
of the dunce-chord Violin dismantled.

But the centipede and the canard spread out diabolically,
the light of a lunar surf, a grimoire and vintage abattoir
lightning on the mocha grill.

The fly was still burdened with encore larynx when his belly
exploded, a velure spider arraigned on the escalator
by his magic-hat volume.

But already the sorcerers had established their envelopes by
the chimney, which straddled the Californian broom, balanced on
the pincers, with marimbas queued on the trail of the poem.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

Another Spring

Another spring spills the guts of roses, which
is a visceral moment in my American chalice,
and it questions my chimerical larynx!

O my youth, your ontological joys have been frozen by the brassieres
of glacial time, but your dollars have not surveyed the temperature
of the soufflé of our sins.

And you who have parsed the soy of my life, Old women!
if there was in my novel someone triumphant,
not me, someone who stomped on everyone but you!

Oh Spring! bird of passage, our hotel of dunes
seasoned by melancholy songs in the covers of a poet
and in the ramifications of chains!

Another spring steals the soulful rayon from May,
the fonts of the young poet, among the world's foreheads
a view of his chin, among the weeds!

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Harem

Harem, that wonderful Bamboo-in-the-shade summarizing school
in Flames, panting to Jean-Harlem Breughel, Peeter-Neef,
David Teniers and Paul Rembrandt.

In the canal where the blue water disassembles, and the legality where
the vintage gold flames, has Stolen such as lingerie from the sun,
and the toilets, and the hobgoblins of consistency.

And the cigars flying battlegrounds around the allied horoscopes of the authors
in their City, the tender necks and dusky hair of the recidivists
in their beckoning grottoes, their lecherous pluralism.

And the insouciant hamburger caress of Main Street,
his doubled mentor, and the florists who love Magritte,
with one eye attached to a tulip.

And the bohemian who sweats on his mandolin, and the
pot-smoking villain who prays to Rommel, and the child
who defiles his ladder.

To the drinkers who smoke in the bar-eyed estaminet, to
the servility of the Hotel Lautreamont, to the defenestrated
aurochs until a pheasant death in Antwerp!

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Jean of Tilles

- "My bag, my bag!" - And the cry of the lavender
frayed in the stump of a soul waving its rat fillet.

Another round of Jean Tilles, the malicious London
flowing into Russia, complained and laughed at the
coup of hands, redoubled the bat!

As if this was not cruel enough to suffice, with thick
mastiff bank accounts she drowns the river
in the neurological machine-noise of currency.

- "Jean the thief, Jean, and what fishes to be impeached!
Little Jean frittering what I inter, a white linen
semolina in the oil-burning poem! "

But the corvine allure of the greenwashed balance,
popular as a flechette, croaks in the sky with clammy
croissants and pancakes.

And the lavender, trussed like the pique of dabbler,
enjambes the callous junction strewn with pebbles,
the foaming herbs of the gladiators.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The Alchemist

Nothing yet! - And in vain am I a laminated fork
three days and three nights, with false bland lullabys
and lamps, and the hermetic books of Raymond-Lull!

No nothing, except with the sniffing icicle in the retort
gleaming, and the laughing moccasins on a salamander
failing yet to disturb my meditations.

Sometimes he attaches a boiling firecracker to my barber,
and sometimes he decocts the fiery Tarot-Avalanche

in my coat.

Once he refurbished his armor in the center
of the furnace so that it bound the pages of my formula
and the ink of my critical thinking.

Again the retort, ever the sparkling tincture, sniffles
the same air as the devil when he terrorized San Francisco,
dazzling his nose in the dancing fog.

But nothing yet! - For three days and another
three nights, I flip futilitarian letters, by a false bland
reading lamp, in the books Hermetic of Raymond-Lull!

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The scholar of Leyden

He sits in his fateful armchair in Utrecht,
Sir Blasius, his rough chin frozen by dental
fire, like a bird in a volatile cuisine
Rotating on a fence.

He sits at his deviant bank computing monies
from the demimonde; me, a poor scholar of Leyden, who
with my bonnet and drilled britches, stands on one foot
atop the gruesome pail.

Here the trebuchet comes out of the box with lacquer,
axes, and bizarre Chinese figurines, like a spider
replicating his long arms, taking refuge in a tulip,
tinged foliage nuanced and colorized.

Might it not, to divulge by data-mining the allegories of the master,
shaking his decanted digits decoupling gold coins,
like a thief caught in the constraints of fate who forced a gun
down his throat, render unto God what he garnered from the Devil?

My gilded defiance that you look at with suspicion through
your wolf-lens is less equivocal and ambiguous than your little
Gray eye, who smokes like a champion candle malcontent.

The trebuchet is back in its box with brilliant lacquer -
situational Chinese levity aslant - and Sir Blasius rose
to Half the height of his velvet chair, and I greeted

him on the ground, going backwards, reclusive scholar of Leyden
who chastises the dawn with a horse.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

The round in the chamber

A dozen wizards dancing in a ring the great bell
of Saint-Jean. They equivocate one orange after another,
and frozen in my bed with fright I counted twelve
epoxy voice-processors traversing the darkness.

As soon as the coconut cached himself behind the clouds,
and the plural melee declared lightning and turbulent feta
outside my window, while crying like tandem gyres they
grew averse sentinels in the storm that burst on the woods.

The first canticle of my lute, hung on the wall, exclaimed;
my bottle of Chardonnay rattled in a cage; and someone
returned a curious slipper from The Novella of the Rose
while they were sleeping in my pulpit.

Suddenly lightning roared at the top of St. Jean. The
Enchanting vanished beaten to death, and I saw
their books and magic lions broiled on a torch
in the cloisters of the night.

This frayed red glowing petticoat flame
infers purgatorial murals on the walls of the Gothic
church, and prolongs the vomiting horse's shadow
over the grotesque statue of St. Jean.

The pirouettes are rusted, the moon fondles the clouds
pearl gray, the rain pours tombs drop by drop
from the edges of the roof, and the breeze, opening my ill window
closed, jettisoned my Tasmanian oriole flute
Secured by an osage orange.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

Salamander

- "Cricket, my friend, are you dead, that your demure sword
sounds like a leaflet avenged by incendiary allure?"

And the cricket, with some affectionately fussy
words for the salamander, does not answer, for it
is asleep in a magic somersault, or sulking over
a fantasy of boulders.

"O! sing me your song every night
in your cubicle with cinders and suits,
behind the furry plate, ensconced in thee fleurs-de-lis!"

But the cricket did not answer, and the salamander
exploded, sometimes listening for his voice, sometimes
abuzz with the flames of a pink changeling,
sometimes blue rogues and jaundiced white violets.

- "He's dead, he died, the cricket my friend!" - And
I heard the tantrum like soups and sandlots, once
flammable, now liquid, waning in the foyer with salads.

- "He is dead, he is dead, and I want to die!"
- The branches were armed with retail consumers, the flame
rained over the coals ejecting his cremated farewell,
and the salamander died of morbid instantiation.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

The Tour of Nestles

- "Jack of Clubs" - "Queen of Spades!" - "Death to gain!" -
And the soldier who lost avoided the ping-pong avalanche
of tables and stakes to the floor.

But Sir Hughes, the provost, spat his brains
in the sered fur with a grimace that swallowed

the caged spider eating his soup.

- "Fuck! The charred recruiters, they scald their pigs
at midnight! "The Belly-god! He is a Furry boat that
burns in the Seine! "

The fire, which was at first an innocent folly
lost in the bouillon of the river, was soon
a quartered demon ranting the gun and forcing
the archaic bastards under water.

A great host of inoperable Terrapins, of
beggars in the night, rushed to the beach, danced jigs
in the deviant spirals of flames and fumes.

And face to face with the glowering tour of Nestles, where the
watchtower sorts the blunderbuss on his shoulder, and the microscope
lowers the door, through a window, the king and queen of voyeurs
see the virus unseen.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

The Volatility Gambler

The choirmaster was handily interrogated by the haberdasher -
The cheetah violates the buzzard's boudoir, she replied with a
Gurgling burlesque of lazy jokes and faded roulette,
as if she had the stomach flu directly from Italian comedy.

First came the grouchy Dame Barbarian-Deluge; she scolded
the foolish Pierrot for having an awkward, laissez-faire
Drop-Box Wig for Mr. Castaneda, with
all of his repossessed powder spilled on the floor.

And Mr. Castaneda pickled her rambunctious wig,
as the Harlequins die-off and detach their video cameras,
then kick back on the couch, and wipe with a Dove away
their tears of laughter, and expand their justifications for Pierrot,
with his flowery ears and infarcted face.

But soon, in the moonlight, whose Harlequin
candle was dead, she supplicated his friend Pierrot
to pour his rails upon the locks, verily so, that
the traitor might remove the girl from his cassette tape.

- "Damn Good Job Hans Luthier! You who sold me this rope!" cried the chaplain, reclining on his couch, in violation of his ponderous ennui. - "The cords are still encased."

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

Bibliophile

This was not some picture of the Flemish school, by David Teniers, or Breughel of Hell, though it was hot in there, like the voice of the devil.

It was a manuscript rats had gnawed at the edges, a tangled writing of imbricate blue and red inks.

"I suspect the author," said the Bibliophile, "of having Educated himself towards the end of the reign of Louis XII, King of patriarchal and buxom memories."

"Yes," he continued with a grave and meditative, yes, "He was a clerk in the House of Lords."

Here, he fumigated an enormous folio entitled The Nobility of France, in which he found mentioned the spires of Chateauneuf.

"It is not important," he said, a little confused, "Castles are only a meme." Both he and Time rechristened them Point-Enough.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

Moonlight

O! it is dulcet when the horror rumbles in the belly
late at night, and I watch the moon's nose as it is
Cauterized with gold!

Two labradors lament outside my window, a chicken
screams in the intersection, and the cricket in my foyer
whispers prophecies.

But soon my ears interrogate more than silence
deepens. The labradors were returned to their kennels,
and the corpses to the Wal-Mart where Jacques once beat his wife.

The dog had slipped on an enchilada in the alley in front of the protesters
rusting like watches in the rain and chilled by the blistering wind.

And the cricket was asleep in the dormitory with a brunette he
had extinguished during the last glimmer of ashes in the fireplace.

To me, it seemed - while my fever was incoherent! -
the moon, Grime on his face, commuted my language as
triage for a hanged man.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Feito Zahlt

The Loon

The moon was combing her hair with a bent, demented comb,
with silvery eggplants, fireflies, a fire hydrant and a collie -
for the president and his boss.

Scarface, the gnome whose treasures abound, winnowing on
my roof the cry of a weathercock, while the florid ducks
jumped in unison, and counterfeit coins littered the street.

Like the loon who sneered at wavelengths every night in the city
desert, looking at the moon in the crevices of the dead!

- "To hell with the moon!" He muttered, picking up chips
discarded by the devil, "I will buy a steak and cook it with the sun!"

But it was always the moon, the moon on the hated couch.
And Scarface monopolized sour coins secretly in my cellar,

where the florid ducks doctor their balance sheets.

While the two horns in front had a snail, Scarface was
lost at night, searching for routes through the vitamins of light.

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